

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

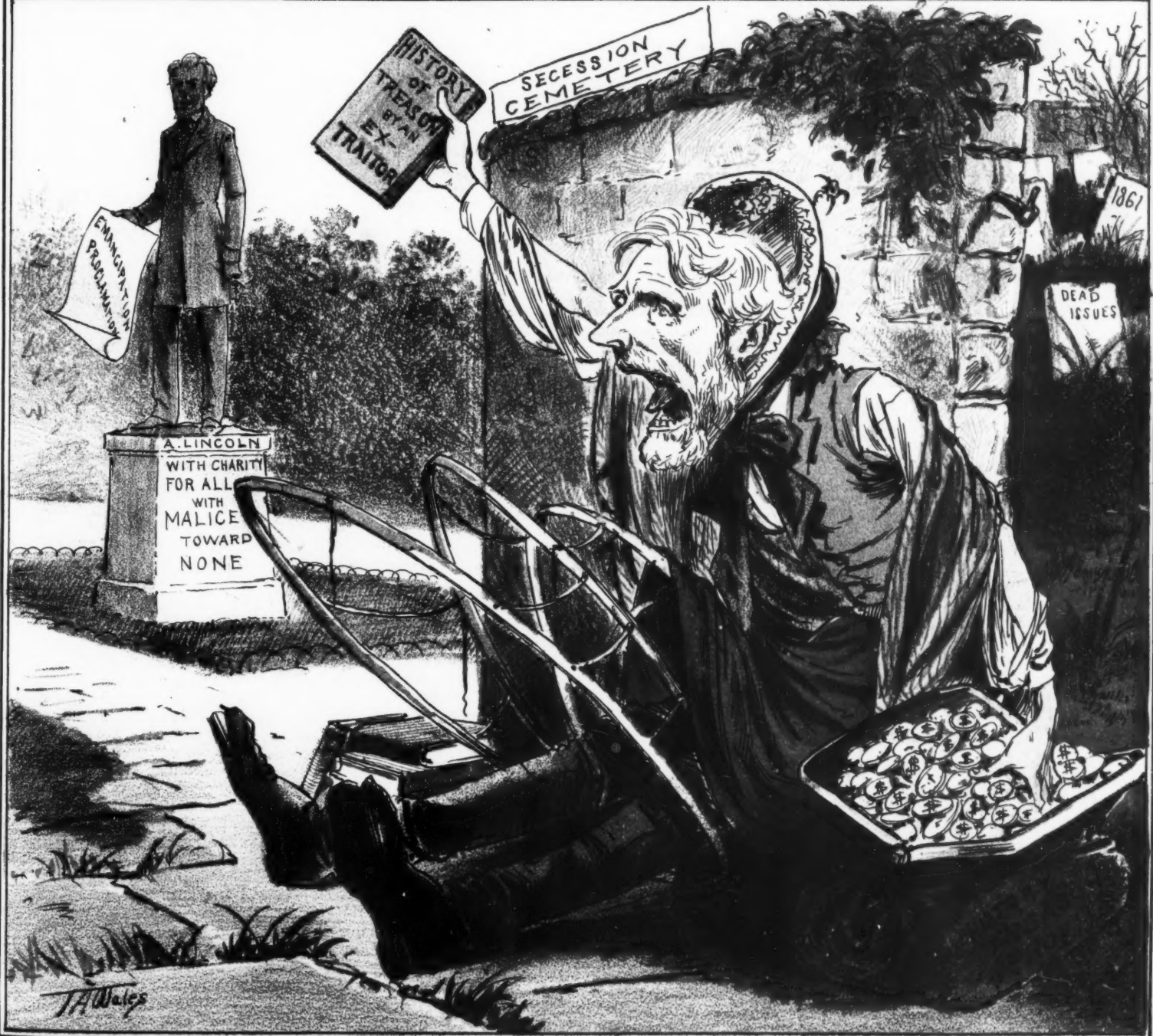
Suck

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



A DEAD HERO AND A LIVE JACKASS.

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50
 One Copy, for 13 weeks.....1.25
 (ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BRINK POSTAL TREATY.)
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$6.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....3.00
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....1.50
 * INCLUDING POSTAGE. * * *

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

Puck is on Sale in London, at HENRY F. GILLIG & CO'S.,
 AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 449, Strand, Charing Cross, and at
 THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Boulevard
 Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31, Renfield
 Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and
 on file at the Herald Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Germany
 at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

* We cannot undertake to return Rejected Com-
 * munications. We cannot undertake to send
 * postal cards to inquiring contributors. We
 * cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps
 * or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake
 * to say this more than one hundred and fifty
 * times more.

STOP PRESS!

We Stop the Press to Announce that the
 Edition of

PUCK ON WHEELS

is so Large and the Cover so Elaborate in
 Design, that it is Impossible to Place the
 Whole Issue in the Hands of the News
 Dealers Before

Friday, June 24th.

The Full Contents of the Book are given on
 PAGE 283 OF THIS NUMBER.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER COPY.

Puck this week consists of

* 18 PAGES. *

This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns,
 which obliges us to add a supplement of

* 2 PAGES. *

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

CONTENTS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.
 THE UNSALTED GENERATION—illustrated.
 PUCKERINGS.
 Familiar Dialogues.
 What is Summer?—poem—illustrated—Arthur Lot.
 The Lager Beer Strike—illustrated.
 FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CLXXVII.
 Another Charge of Bribery—Edmund N. Leslie.
 An Unfortunate Afterthought.
 Hints for Dinners.
 Mrs. Flynn's Baby; or, "Dinner Late as Usual"—poem.
 C. C. Starkweather.
 Romance and Reality—illustrated.
 A Summer Symphony—R. K. Munkittrick.
 A Sympathizer with the Strikers—illustrated.
 Nothing for Him, Anyway—illustrated.
 RHYMES OF THE DAY.
 AMUSEMENTS.
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
 The Card Collecting Craze—illustrated.
 Sonnets on Colors—No. IV. Yellow—V. Hugo Dusen-
 bury, Professional Poet.
 A Bad Mouthful—C. Steensen.
 ANDROSCOGGIN JIM AND HIS LOVE—Ernest Harvier.
 Plumber and Plumbed—illustrated.
 How to Utilize a Few of the Humbug "Champion
 Pedestrians"—illustrated.
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE think Mr. Jefferson Davis, or the re-
 mains known by that name, ought to
 have a large pension from the govern-
 ment of the United States. He is worth any
 dozen honest, decent, energetic patriots for
 keeping up the spirit of loyalty and eradicating
 from the Southern heart any lingering senti-
 mental attachment for the "lost cause." The
 mad dream of reviving the rebellion, or of living

to all eternity an "unreconstructed" people
 within a people, might have had a certain
 ghastly dignity about it if it had not been for
 Mr. Jeff Davis's course since the war. The
 cause was dear to many embittered spirits—it
 might have remained a vital force, an eternal
 menace to the nation, if the leader had been
 any other than Jeff Davis. But he crushes it
 down with the dead weight of a corpse—the
 metaphor is not perfect, though: a corpse has
 sense enough to know when it is dead.

Mr. Jeff Davis, historian and ex-traitor, stops
 in the compilation of his monumental record of
 the Rebellion to explain how it was that he
 happened to slip into his wife's "Raglan" on
 that unpleasant morning when the strong hand
 of the nation was stretched out to take the of-
 fender into bodily custody. This is Mr. Jeff
 Davis's idea of a dignified attitude. It matters
 not, of course, whether Mr. Jeff Davis is guilty
 of a dirty little equivocation, or whether his
 thinnish looking story is to be accepted as truth.
 We only wish to call attention to the fact that
 when Napoleon was an "unreconstructed"
 captive, his chances of gathering his country-
 men around him once again were not impaired
 by the necessity of explaining how it was that
 the English found him entangled in Marie
 Louise's garments. The head of a nation should
 keep out of such entanglements. Napoleon
 knew that. Jeff Davis did not. There are other
 points of difference between the two.

Really, when we come to look at it, we owe
 Mr. Jeff Davis a huge debt of gratitude. He
 has been of much more use to us than he would
 have been if we had hung him on a sour-apple-
 tree, according to our original programme. He
 fosters good feeling between the North and the
 South by making the remnant of the irreconcil-
 able party ridiculous. It would pay us to make
 an allowance for his expenses for running
 around to county fairs delivering "unrecon-
 structed" speeches, and for writing histories
 diversified by personal explanations. He is a
 neat contrast to the grand figure of Lincoln
 enshrined in the people's memory, and South-
 erner and Northerner, after laughing at the live
 jackass, will turn with deeper love and reverence
 to thoughts of the dead Hero.

The period known as the dog days is not
 very far off. It is usually associated with swelt-
 ering weather and the indulgence of the festive
 cur in the luxury of hydrophobia. As matters
 look now, the dog days of 1881 will be of
 mighty poor quality—that is, so far as the Sum-
 mer hotel proprietor is concerned. The land-
 lord has made elaborate preparations for the
 Summer visitor; but he cometh not. A regi-
 ment of waiters is ready to receive him, the
 table is covered with the brightest of crystal
 and the snowiest of table cloths; but it is as if
 it were not. Old Probabilities, or rather Old
 Indicator, is getting off on us all his remaining
 stock of Winter, and is no doubt saving his
 Summer for next year.

The extraordinary fickleness of June has
 made everybody reckless, except the Summer
 hotel man. No one cares very much now if
 the sun shines or not. The year will have to
 be got through in some way, and cool weather
 to many people means less expense. But the
 Summer hotel man cannot take matters quite
 so easily. He has sunk money and he wants
 to get some return for it. It is questionable if
 we shall hear anything more about whom he
 will and whom he will not receive as guests.
 Jews, children, Chinese and Negroes can all
 have their little revenge to save him from bank-
 ruptcy; the Summer hotel proprietor will be
 "dis-enthused," and he will be constrained
 to take anybody or anything that offers.

But weather or no weather, the regular dog
 days are coming and the unfortunate curs must
 receive attention, else what is the object of
 appointing dog-catchers? They must have
 dogs to catch; but there are several political
 animals of this species that we should like to see
 captured and disposed of in the usual manner—
 of course, under Mr. Bergh's supervision. How
 nice it would be if we could get rid of the vir-
 tuous Sessions and the more than virtuous Brad-
 ley, and of the willful and silly Conkling!

With what joyous satisfaction would we put
 a muzzle on the garrulous Grant previous to
 his asphyxiation by drowning, according to
 regulation! Then we should have something
 to say to Vice-President Chester A. Arthur in
 his canine capacity. Mayor Grace would se-
 cure the recreant Police Commissioners; Post-
 master James would look after the Star route
 robbers. If together with all these we could add
 the majority of the members of both houses of
 the legislature of the State; this dog-catching
 convention would result in ridding us of a great
 deal of bad rubbish and do much to purify the
 political atmosphere.

While Postmaster-General James is so busy
 with reforms in his department, he will do well
 to change the mode of dealing with insuffi-
 ciently-stamped letters. The error of affixing
 a two instead of a three-cent stamp is so
 likely to be made by anyone who has a large
 correspondence, that it is desirable for the bene-
 fit of the entire community that the conse-
 quences of such error should be made as little
 embarrassing as possible. At present all insuffi-
 ciently-stamped letters are taken to the Dead
 Letter Office at Washington, and thence a noti-
 fication is sent to the addressee, requesting him
 to forward the amount unpaid, and upon re-
 ceipt of this and after the usual official delay,
 he will obtain his letter—which has been un-
 necessarily opened.

Recently an instance of this kind came under
 our notice in a letter mailed in this city and
 intended to be delivered at Bay Ridge, L. I., a
 distance from the N. Y. P. O. of about eight miles.
 A two-cent stamp was affixed and the letter
 posted on Friday; on the next Tuesday the ad-
 dressee received an official form stating that a
 letter for him was held at Washington, there
 being one cent due thereon. He was requested
 to remit the amount in a postage stamp, which
 he accordingly did, the cost of sending the one
 cent being three cents. It was not till the Fri-
 day afternoon that the long-delayed letter was
 delivered.

It had been opened, and had an official stamp
 refastening it. There had been no necessity
 for such opening. Only the addressee had been
 communicated with, and it would have been
 time enough to have found out who the sender
 was, after sufficient period had been allowed
 for the addressee to pay the lacking sum. Now
 the government, instead of carrying that letter
 eight miles, carried it more than four hundred
 miles, and one of their own communications
 two hundred. To this must be added the ex-
 pense of clerical work. How much simpler it
 would have been to have delivered the letter to
 the local postmaster, debiting him with the de-
 ficiency, and making him collect from the ad-
 dressee? If some extra expense were entailed
 by this plan, it would be defrayed by charging
 double the deficiency. The addressee would
 even then save two cents, a week's delay, and
 the annoyance of having his letter read. The
 system we have indicated has long been suc-
 cessfully used in England, and its adoption
 here would be beneficial to the public and re-
 munerative to the government.

THE UNSALTED GENERATION.



The warm weather brings out, besides flies, mosquitoes and June-bugs, and other unpleasant insects, a peculiarly disagreeable variety of the ubiquitous-unsalted generation.

This is the time when the hard-working business men travel to and from town every day, between business and their families. It is not always a pleasant thing to make a railroad journey of half-an hour or an hour, in the morning after a hasty breakfast, or in the evening when a man wants his dinner. It is quite bad enough to be snut up in a stuffy car with all manner of people, and to sit bolt upright on an uncomfortable seat while you are jolted over miles of ill-ballasted road-bed.

To have the unsalted generation follow you even there with its annoyances is screwing down the discomfort a little too tight.

But the cars are a fine field for the objectionable young animals of the cub species. They prefer the smoking-car for their basis of operations; but they have no objection to owning the whole train.

Up at the top of these remarks you may see some of the unsalted making themselves pleasant to their fellow-passengers.

They generally begin work by talking loudly to each other, for the benefit of everybody within fifty feet of them. The conversation runs something like this:

"I say, I saw Wash to-day."
 "Didger ask him about Buttsy? He he he!" [a titter like an accordeon trying to laugh bass.]
 "Ha ha ha!" [a sound as if somebody was trying to jerk a treble out of a trombone.]
 "He he he!"
 "Ha ha ha!"
 "Guess Buttsy gave him enough that time!"
 "Wash was too fresh."
 "Oh, but that was a fearful grind on Mac!"
 "Buttsy thought he'd made a mash."
 "I was glad of it; I told Mac, says I, 'I'm glad,' I told him."
 "Naa?"
 "Take my dying oath I did."
 "Ha ha ha! Oh, that was low down on Mac."
 "Didger see Nelse?"
 "No. Was Nelse there?"
 "Yes, Nelse was there. He he he!"

THE youthful swell is mad and wild,
 His very soul with sorrow puffs
 Like throats of kids who have the croup;
 In fact, the youthful swell is riled
 When his immaculate lily cuffs
 Slide down into his chicken soup.

Now people to the ocean go
 To spend a happy week or so;
 And they are not extremely happy
 When lobsters grab them by the toe.

"Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! Well, if that ain't the richest! Well, I swear. Did Nelse bite?"
 "I d'no. I didn't see him bite."
 "Ha ha ha! Well, if that ain't a regular pudding!"
 "He he he!"
 "Ha ha ha!"

And so on for half the journey. The attention of the entire car-load is fastened upon them. Old gentlemen lay down their newspapers and gaze, more in wonder than in anger, at the disturbers of the peace. It is impossible to read. Right in the middle of the cable news or the Herald P. I. column the unwilling ear catches fragments of mystic confidences about Buttsy and Wash, and fifty or sixty people who would like to be minding their own business are obliged to hang with bated breath upon the lips of the young gentlemen whose duty it is to answer the momentous question whether or no Nelse *did* bite.

By this time one of two things happens. Either the youths yearn for a wider opportunity for cussedness, and go forward to the smoking car to seek it; or else someone shuts them up. This latter blessed consummation is infrequent. But now and then it happens that there is a cool, taciturn, respectable yet tough American on board—a man from the Mississippi, perhaps—who stands it as long as he can and then shifts the tobacco in his mouth, and says: "Give us a rest, there!" in a tone that settles the matter.

But this blessed angel is not often on hand; and as a rule the unsalted adjourn to the smoking-car, and there exhaust their ingenuity in worrying the other travelers. There are lots of disagreeable things you can do in a smoking-car. You can fence with walking-sticks across the seats occupied by quiet and weary people; you can throw paper wads about; you can stick your head out of the window and chaff the people along the road—you can make a beast of yourself in many beastly ways.

Only if you do, and if you are one of the unsalted generation, look out that some day an angered traveling populace does not arise and pitch your whole company out of a thousand car windows from one end of the United States to another.

HE sat on the sunny dock
 Reading the latest version;
 But he rather felt a shock
 When he got a wild immersion;
 It almost cut life's nodus Gordian
 And all but yanked him over Jord-i-an.

IN spite of all that Vennor says,
 We're going to have our little swelters—
 The happy poet calls these days
 Collar melters.

Puckings.

"HOT?"

"Well, I should rejoice to shiver!"

THE oil that most persons take for their health now—Coney Ile.

IT is not often that Parisians let Americans take any money away from them. We are glad that Foxhall has made so good a beginning.

A YOUNG lady bearing the aristocratic cognomen of Jardine recently deserted her lover, because in an impassioned sonnet he made her name rhyme with "sardine."

A MAN who has been through the mill says that chowder sharpens the appetite. This, we believe, is owing to the fact that in his last plateful he swallowed a razor strop.

WHAT A GODSEND for the British comic papers would Mr. Depew be if he were an English politician. The London *Punch* could make a joke on *deputed* and *deputy* every week for the next five years.

THE life insurance companies intend to raise the yearly premiums of all their customers living in the twenty-ninth precinct of New York City. Captain Williams is back again to his old battle-ground.

THE *Herald* P. I. man is of the opinion that gold dust on ladies' hair bothers their dancing partners; but he might have added that gold dust in their pockets is what everlastingly takes them by storm, and gets away with them.

MEXICO is indignant over the proposed increase of quarantine at New Orleans. This is unreasonable. Why should Mexico demand free trade in her yellow fever when France has to pay enormous duties on her champagne and silks?

CHEAP—straw bail; cheaper—straw hats; cheapest—strawberries. But, to take the wind out of the sails of any malicious contemporary, the writer of this gladly admits that the straw in his head is so plentiful as to force him to sell at the cheapest rates.

THE New England aesthete may be analyzed and labeled as follows:—

A gallery greenery
 Lover of scenery
 Boston baked beanery
 Man.

"LILY-WORSHIPFUL MURMURS" is the highly æsthetic description which a Kalamazoo satirist applies to a poet who recently, in a dithyrambic ode, remarked that

No mere mock roach
 Is the cock roach.

ONE of the most shining lights of the Philadelphia detective force has positively declared that the Bradley-Sessions Investigating Committee, in tracing back the celebrated three \$500 bills, and the not less celebrated five \$100 bills, so far as possible, will certainly find that they emanated from the U. S. Treasury. They are anxious now in Philadelphia to make him chief of the whole detective force.

IT is a legend at the Swedish court, that at the time Bernadotte first arrived at Stockholm, he one day asked a courtier:

"Tänker du ej gå på balen i afton?"

"Nej, inte i afton."

"Kanske en annan afton?"

"God afton!"

And he lit out. (*Och han af-dunstade.*)

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

FOR THE RELIEF OF AN EXASPERATED POPULACE.

Dialogue VII.—With a Photographer.

CITIZEN.—Are you ready to take the imperial photograph of me, for which you appointed a sitting to-day?

PHOTOGRAPHER.—[*You know what he would say.*]

C.—You made the appointment two months ago.

P.—.....

C.—No, I don't want a new cabinet upright; I want a plain old-style imperial.

P.—.....

C.—I haven't any use for an oblong Rembrandt effect gilt-edged card, either.

P.—.....

C.—No; but I have a cousin in Kalamazoo who might like to have a full-length crayon portrait of himself. I'll give you his address, any time you're moving to Kalamazoo.

P.—.....

C.—I want to be taken full on—front face.

P.—.....

C.—Of course I'd look better in profile; but then I shouldn't have the pleasure of seeing you over the top of that machine of yours.

P.—.....

C.—Yes, a three-quarter view would suit me very well; only you will have to add another quarter to it before I pay for it. I'm here after a front view.

P.—.....

C.—A front view may bring out my nose; but so long as it doesn't bring it out sufficiently to crack the glass in the camera you'll have to stand it.

P.—.....

C.—Will I stand up there in front of the landscape with the Grecian temple and the sad seawaves? Not much I won't. Do you think I want to be taken for an advertisement of a panorama?

P.—.....

C.—Shall you put one of those cast-iron skeletons behind my head? Yes, if you think I am suffering from St. Vitus's dance or D. T.

P.—.....

C.—Will I assume a pleasant expression? Of course. I'm feeling just like it.

P.—.....

C.—All right; but what's this portrait of General Grant got to do with me?

P.—.....

C.—That's myself, is it? When was it taken?

P.—.....

C.—Just now, eh? Well, Phote, I'll call for that picture about the middle of next week.

Dialogue VIII.—With a Tailor.

CITIZEN.—Please let me have a plain suit off that piece of goods.

TAILOR.—[*The regular thing.*]

C.—I know that piece is cheap goods. That's the reason I want it.

T.—.....

C.—I know it won't wear me as well as a better piece. I don't want it to wear; I want to hang it up and look at it.

T.—.....

C.—I am glad to hear that blue serges are fashionable this summer. I only hope the distinction will not make the blue serges too proud.

T.—.....

C.—Certainly, I'll let you show me some other goods, if you have the time to spare. But we'd better make an appointment out of business hours.

T.—.....

C.—Yes, that is something that would suit me if I were running about New York hankering after a shepherd's-plaid suit. Being particularly interested in this little piece of goods here, the shepherd's-plaid doesn't get one half cent's worth of grip on my young affections.

T.—.....

C.—I would n't mind having that English basket pattern, if I were n't afraid of falling through the checks and hurting the sidewalk.

T.—.....

C.—Blue flannel is nice. There is no denying the niceness of blue flannel. That piece looks nice just where it is; and it is going to stay there, so far as I am concerned.

T.—.....

C.—I'll take your word for it that you can make me a suit off that piece of small check. The question is: *will* you? I have heavy money to put on it that you won't.

T.—.....

C.—How would I like a black coat and white trousers? First-rate! All my life I have felt a vague craving for a black coat and white trousers. It is only partially satisfied by the possession of three suits of that kind which I have at home. But, my friend, I'm going to crave a while yet; and don't you go and labor under any delusion about it.

T.—.....

C.—Yes, my friend, I have been trying to hint to you—to intimate, as it were, in a vague manner, that I want this bit of stuff here.

T.—.....

C.—No, not the other piece—this piece.

T.—.....

C.—Yes, this piece here; not that piece there.

T.—.....

C.—Every time!

T.—.....

C.—I want it cut like this suit I have on now.

T.—.....

C.—No, sir, you are mistaken. That is not last year's fashion; that is the fashion of three years ago. That fashion settled down on me for a permanency some time since.

T.—.....

C.—Yes, a three-button cut-away would look well on me; but it would look a long sight better off me.

T.—.....

C.—I know this cut doesn't suit my style. I don't want it to. I'm not consulting my own taste. When these clothes get worn out, I am going to give them to a tramp of my acquaintance. It is *his* style I want them to suit.

T.—.....

C.—I *do* mean to say so; and what is more, I want to introduce you to the tramp—a very gentlemanly, refined, high-toned tramp he is, too.

T.—.....

C.—Why do I want to introduce you to that tramp? Well, because his conversation would edify you. Your intellect doesn't seem fully developed. He could brace up on your neglected education, and teach you to come in when it rains, and other little trifles of that sort. Day-day, Tailor!

T.—.....

'Tis now the artist takes his pencils,
His easel, stool, and all utensils

Necessary

For an airy

Woodland chromo

Full of glory,

Which he'll call

Placid Como,

Or Maggiore

In the Fall.

Now come the pleasant days
When in the woodland ways
The happy zephyr plays
With the rose,
And on the starry nights
The "skeeter," full of bites,
With keenest rapture lights
On your nose.

WHAT IS SUMMER?

A FAMILY SEXTETTE, SUITABLE FOR THE LATE SEASON.

QUOTH PATERFAMILIAS:

The dreary time when I must leave my home,
Where things are to my taste,
And to some wretched rural homestead roam,
Some doleful country waste,
And there be put in a small room to sleep,
And fed on food that's dreadful cheap.

QUOTH MATERFAMILIAS:

The time when we can fasten blind and door,
And let the Jacksons know
That we have gone to rusticate once more,
(They can't afford to go);
Poor food and rooms we must endure awhile,
So long as summer boarding is in style.

QUOTH JASPER (aged 20):

The jolly days, when all the fellows go
Away from this hot town,
And 'mash' some village maiden, don't you know,
Dressed up in gingham gown,
And guy the farmers, who're so jolly green
Beside our city chaps, so shrewd and keen.

QUOTH BELLE (aged 17):

The lovely time, when every stylish girl,
Unless her father's 'broke,'
Delights to haste from fashion's giddy whirl,
And live with country folk,
And, on the rustic beaus, try all the arts,
With which in Fall she'll conquer rich chaps' hearts.

QUOTH JIM (aged 11):

Oh, it's those bully days when boys can run,
And swim, and row, and fish,
And play out-doors, however hot the sun,
As long as they may wish,
And when mama won't care, although she knows
We're getting tanned and spoiling our good clothes.

QUOTH MAY (aged 8):

The real nice time when girls can play like boys,
And not a bit be hurt,
When we can run, and romp, and make a noise,
And build pies out of dirt,
Or, at the brook when both our feet are bare,
Can paddle in the stream, and ma not care.

ARTHUR LOT.



THE LAGER BEER STRIKE.



IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT THE STRIKE WAS UNSUCCESSFUL, CONSIDERING WHAT A "SOLID FRONT" THE BREWERS PRESENTED.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXVII.

Mr. G. W. CHILDS.



Ya-as, Jack and I were invited the othah day to have some dinnah with a fellow who wesides ne-ah the neighbourwing town of Philadelphia.

His name is aw George Washington Childs, and he is the pwopwietah of an advertising perwioid-

ical and a witah of poetwy that is generally wequired by the fwienids of people who die: obituarwy verse, ye know.

He is said to be verwy wich and I can weadly believe the weport, faw this countwy house of his is, 'pon my soul, not half badly arwanged, by Jove! and does considerwable cwedit to the taste of a meah ordinarwy newspapah man.

He has fwrequently asked me to visit him, and I have invarwiably wefused, because I was not desirwous of taking the trouble, or of extending my acquaintance—it is too large alweady—but hang it! ye know, what is a fellah to do when the invitation is wepeated, and a countwy house weceives the name of the seat of my old and intimate fwient, the Duke of B b-buckingham—Wootton, ye know? I could not verwy well wefuse, so we aw went.

There was an exceedingly curwious collection of people to weceive us. An ex-American ambassadah, named John Welsh, who is also, stwange to say, in the sugah trade; a law officer of the cwown—I mean the aw Wepublic—Mac Veagh, if I wemembah arwight, is his name—and a numbah of othah persons of gweatah or lessah wealth wecently acquired, and some of them, I should judge, were tolerwably wespectable. A numbah of these individuals pwofessed to be farmahs; but there seemed nothing especially clodhopping or countwified about their dwess—perwhaps they had put on othah clothes by the occasion.

We dined in a tent which extended fwom the house which was decorwated with the flags of forweign nations, and I was wathah amused at some of the conversation which went on around me.

A fellow called Shortbwidge began talking about the cost of cweam, and said he was quite sure it was maw expensive than some descwip-

tions of champagne. The majorwity of the guests pwesent seemed to measure everwything by money, and it gwew to be wathah a baw to he-ah the constant weference to dollahs.

A aw Mr. Wheeler, who is, I believe, chairman of the board of dirwectahs of some bank, advised Jack and me pwivately not to put our twust in money. I wondah what the d-d-devil induced him to make this extwaoinary wemark to us aw. I nevah have put my twust in money.

Aftah wanderwing about the gwounds, I again inspected the wesidence, and the bwic-à-bwac and everwything about it met to a gwreat extent with my appwoval.

In conversation with my host, I learnt that he had wisen fwom a pwintah's boy, or something of the kind, to be verwy wich and that he always wushed to welcome distinguished forweignahs to Amerwica. When he went to Eurwope they entertained him in weturn, and that is how he acquired such an extensive acquaintance and weputation.

Of course, it is utterly impossible that these gwand fwienids can associate with him on equal terms, but such gwreat people are nevah so particulah about Amerwicans as they are about their own countwywmen.

Faw instance, when Mr. Childs was in Gwreat Bwitain my fwient Buckingham showered on him gwreat hospitality; this is the weal weason why Mr. Childs called his place "Wootton."

We left by an evening twain; not, howevah, befaw our host had pwomised to wite obituarwy verses to our memorwies when we were laid in our gwaves aw.

Now do the clouds move in lazy argosies down the placid cobalt, and the rose scatters its petals in the mossy wood, and the small-boy plays hookey, goes swimming in the brook all day and becomes so hungry that he can almost relish broken castor oil bottles. And that is probably the reason that he thinks it such fun.

HERRICK wanted a laurel to grow on his grave, but we are not so particular as Bob was. We'd be very well satisfied with an amorous cabbage set out in a beer keg.

JUST OUT!
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price 25 Cents.

ANOTHER CHARGE OF BRIBERY.

TWO LETTERS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF "PUCK."

SKANEATELES, N. Y., March 26, 1881.

Received your reminder of expiration of subscription. I shall not want PUCK for the coming year. If Puck had remained *neutral* in politics, as it was when I subscribed last March, I should have continued. But as I am in politics what is known as a Democrat, PUCK was turned entirely over to the Republicans at the last Presidential election. I have no doubt but that it *paid* well to do so.

Respectfully,
E. N. LESLIE.

SKANEATELES, N. Y., June 14, 1881.

Messrs. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN:

Gentlemen—I enclose check for five dollars. Please renew my subscription to PUCK, provided you can send me the back numbers from the date of the expiration of my last number, which, as far as I can ascertain, is March 23, 1881.

Respectfully,
EDMUND N. LESLIE.

AN UNFORTUNATE AFTERTHOUGHT.

We are now on the threshold of an important discovery—the discovery of a new parasite, *trichina equi*, or, in plain English: horse trichinae.

PUCK, with his usual farsightedness, now most positively declares that the new discovery will be made within a few days in France, and perhaps simultaneously in England.

The fact is that *pauvre France* almost went crazy with jealousy over the recent victory of our compatriot J. R. Keene's b. c. Foxhall in the race for the "Grand Prix de Paris."

First the American pigs beat their French cousins on the pork market to pieces, and now the American horses come triumphantly to the front.

Why not, then, as in the first case, to avoid the further competition of Americans, stop the importation of American horses by a decree of the government on the ground of the above-prophesied new discovery? It is true, Frenchmen don't eat so much horse-meat as they do frogs, and as this afterthought spoils all the beautiful points of this article, we here desist from making any further comments.

HINTS FOR DINERS.

1. Appear amiably abstinent, although almost all abstemiousness aggravates appetite, and always act amusingly, although appetitive, and among appetible articles.

2. Eat every esculent, except earthapples, even elephants' ears, evading especially every empyreumatical eatable.

3. Imagine innate imperfections in inn-keepers, indicating irredeemable indulgence in inebriety.

4. Odors of oysters, or onions, or omelettes, often obtrude on olfactory organs of occupants of offices; ought one obstinately offend others' olfactory organs, or order oatmeal on objections of others?

5. Usually, under umbrageous umbrellas, use uberous umble-pie.

A LONG ISLAND bardlet sings in a poem that reaches back and takes in many a handful of his happy childhood:

The cats we would at night stone,
Way up at shady Whitestone,
In the summer sweet and frolicful
When the kids were sadly colicful.

MRS. FLYNN'S BABY; OR, "DINNER LATE AS USUAL."

Hush! me d'arie, while I cull ye
Swate song-poses, that will lull ye
To soft slumber an' swate rest.
There! me darlin', don't be kapin'
Those poor little eyelids papin',
Sink to rest on mother's breast,
Sink away to rest,
Sink to rest!

Now the shstars will soon be shinin',
Their bright wrathes of light entwinnin',
Pretty playthin's in the shkye,
All fur baby, all fur d'arie.
He must slape, an' not be w'ary,
He shall have 'em by an' by,
Av he quiet lie—
Lullaby!

Pretty baby's slapin' swately,
Tuck him in his crib so nately,
Lave him to his baby drames.
When he wakens mother 'll hare him,
Sittin' by the fireside 'nare him.
She a gardeén angel names,
Watchin' o'er his drames—
Swatist drames!

Whisht! A step on the piazza!
Daddy's comin', an' he has a
Very fiendish look within
His ugly eyes, a cushla, darlin'.
Howly Mother! what a snarlin'!
Now the circus will begin—
*Ha! ha! Sail in and win,
Mrs. Flynn!

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

* The last two lines are supposed to be uttered by the chorus. But it is not a Greek chorus, at least not so Greek as the rest of the song.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"GUESS all that the cottage wants to make it look real comfortable and rural-like is a few plants—kitchen-stuff and such like—and I don't see why I shouldn't have 'em."

There was certainly no reason why Mr. Joe Blakewids should not gratify his tastes. He lived at Ctawket, on the picturesque coast of a neighboring State. His cottage was strictly a marine residence, being situated right on the beach, and although the air was salt and at the same time fresh enough, the surroundings were not as strikingly interesting as what one usually looks for and associates with villas by the sea.

Not that any fault was to be found with the noble expanse of ocean which almost surrounded the cottage—that was of the very finest description of salt water; but on the land side the woods, forests, vegetation and foliage generally were, so to speak, not luxuriant in growth, which gave a rather bare and bleak look to the landscape.

Mr. Blakewids, in spite of having passed some years of his life in the profession of rum-selling, was of a utilitarian as well as an æsthetic turn of mind. He became sensible of the deficiencies in the *entourage* of his mansion, and resolved to remedy them forthwith.

This is why Mr. Blakewids determined to buy an assortment of field and garden seeds, and thus transform his Ctawket house into a first-class Paradise.

He carefully inspected several seed stores, and ultimately fixed on one that made a special specialty of exhibiting highly finished chromos of the choice and gigantic fruit and vegetables that grew from the seeds it sold. He was not precipitate in making up his mind as to what he should purchase, but he did it at last. He bought a quart of seed of "Early Minnesota," sweet corn, pounds of "Crook-neck" squash and pints of "Possum Nose" pumpkins, apple and pear trees that would only yield the largest fruit, and strawberry-plants, the produce of which would be mistaken for "General Grant" tomatoes.

Mr. Joe Blakewids felt happy, when, loaded with his seeds, he took the weekly boat for Ctawket, after having passed a week in New York selecting them.

"The old woman will feel kinder glad, I reckon, when she sees all these big plants, trees and bushes springing up around her. I guess I'll do the gardening myself—I'll not allow anybody to interfere. My Ctawket cottage, before I've got through with it, 'll be as interesting to look at as Central Park. And then we'll be able to sell the vegetables and fruit we don't use. It was the boss idea."

Mr. Blakewids planted his seeds and cuttings, and then gave a loose rein to his imagination.

He saw everything had grown and had reached perfection. He was Tom Thumb by the side of the gigantic pumpkins and squashes. The corn had ripened until the top of each cob had "touched the stars." The strawberries much more than proved their right to their name, for they were "veritable" mastodonic Black-Giants.



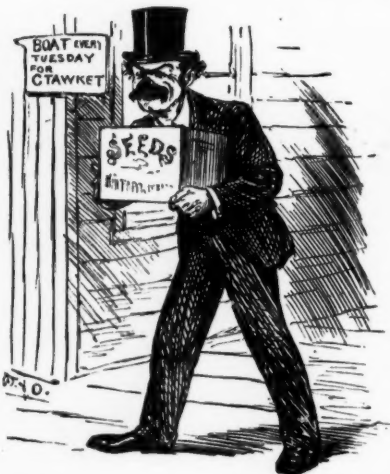
As for the apples and pears they were so large that the trunks of the trees which bore them fairly bent under the weight. A howling wilderness had been transformed into a Garden of Eden—and Mr. Blakewids liked the picture, although its features were not apparent, and would not be for some time to come; but there is no charge for indulging in imagination. If there were, Mr. Blakewids's bill would not have been a light one.

The seeds being sown, and the cuttings planted, developments were awaited with anxiety. The developments did not hurry themselves up—but Mr. Blakewids was possessed of patience. His patience was rewarded after a few months of waiting, when tiny points of green began to show themselves just in the spot where the seeds had been deposited in the earth. Two or three weeks more caused the green points to grow a little higher. But Mr. Blakewids's confidence in his seedsman began to diminish. The chances for a Garden of Eden, Elysian Fields, and Forests of Arden became rather slim. With the naked eye the difficulty of telling what particular variety of vegetation had taken it into its head to flourish in a small way was so great that Mr. Blakewids had to call in the aid of a magnifying glass to find out what the soil was really producing.



Not having studied botany or horticulture, he found this by no means an easy matter.

At last accounts the general appearance of the surroundings of Mr. Blakewids's marine residence at Ctawket was unchanged.



A SUMMER SYMPHONY.

SUMMER has been pirouetting around us for a long time, but we believe it has settled now for all it is worth. We believe it has hauled in its gang-plank, blown the last whistle, and is on its voyage to Rockaway at the rate of eight knots an hour, with a couple of shock-haired Tuscans fiddling "Pinafore" on the quarter-deck, and the three-card-monte man plying his potent game in the vicinity of the bar that is dispensing foam at five cents a mug.

The smoke-stacks have been repainted, and red rings help them to put on effulgence. Canary birds are pouring their stereotyped melody in the ladies' cabin, which has been fitted up with Eastlake furniture, and Turkish rugs, and deftly-flowered majolica ornaments that lull the passenger to soothing visions. The sandwiches are as thick as usual, and are dispensed by a girl with a Greek face, an Arabian eye, a patent leather countenance, a Polish accent, a St. Louis ear, and a Chicago foot that covers the ground with delightful phrasing. The lemonade has captured the spirit of the circus-poster, and, like the goat, is noted for its strength. The goat is Herculean. It can be taken through straws with some degree of comfort; but, for the sake of safety, a person should be very careful, and remember that only last week a man drank so much of it that the ice set in on him, and he took a cold from which he will not recover for some time, although he is now taking lots of hot stuff as a counter-irritant. The technique of the chowder cook has been materially improved and strengthened by his visit to Dresden; but he shows the influence of the Carlo Dolci method, which, however, will probably wear off before the season is over, if he is not killed by some infuriated individual who will have been almost paralyzed by swallowing a straw hat for a clam.

The boat will run regularly, and time tables on gold-leaf may be had at the main office.

The vines are twining around the hemi-demi-semi-gods in the garden, and they quaver as though stricken with a sort of aerial palsy. They shake their petals even as the sporting man shakes the dice, but they don't lose anything by the operation. Just as the wind steals through them and strikes up a sort of dreamy, four-time waltz, the matron comes out and hangs something upon it to dry—some ludicrous garment that looks as though it must have been invented for a fat woman, and when it is thrown rudely over the vine-robed Juno it rather gets a four-horse power laugh on her. The morning glory steals softly up the string and peeps shyly through the kitchen oriel, and its fragrant soul just dances around on ripples of merriment at seeing the hired man making himself solid with the cook.

The goat can not be sun-struck. If you want to strike him at all you must do it with a club if you can get a sufficiently short range, or with a stone if you can't get near him. He loves hot weather. He will stand in the middle of a field and gaze upon the sun like a fire worshipper, while he whisks his brief narrative and munches a stove-pipe.

NOTHING FOR HIM, ANYWAY.



"THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR."

We once had a goat who was rather familiar. And he had a chain lightning digestion. We used to turn him out in the yard in the spring instead of cleaning it—he would make a splendid street commissioner. Well, once he came in the kitchen and grabbed my gold watch—one which I valued on account of its presentation to me by my grandmother in consideration of my not smoking until my nineteenth year. Well, as soon as he swallowed it he ran away, and refused to be captured. The watch would be digested in two hours. So I went up stairs, put a flannel shirt on a spoon hook and trolled for him from the roof. He soon took the bait, was hauled off the ground, anchored in the air, and was the most pendulous goat you ever saw. Then he was carefully edited with a scythe and the watch regained. What beauty is to woman, and cash to a new dramatic paper, the arabesque-flowered goat is to summer, and don't you make any mistake about it, either.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

JUST OUT!
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price 25 Cents.

A SYMPATHIZER WITH THE STRIKERS.



TOMATO-CAN TRAMP, to his "Pard" about to drain a keg:—HOLD ON, BILL, WHATCHER GOIN' TO DRINK—THAT AIN'T UNION BEER!

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

MILT OFF.

Lawn-tennis players cannot fairly state:
"They also serve who only stand and wait."

INDISCRETION.

Oh, cold is Bradley's day—
However could he do it?
He gave the job away,
And everybody knew it!

A. H. O.

REVISED VERSION.

MARY had a little lamp,
And tried to blow it out;
The paper states that Mary went
Right up the golden spout.

—Chicago Tribune.

Mary was a little lame,
For she had roller-skated,
And as she limping homewards came,
Her pa her castigated.

VENGEANCE.

Like the boys in the school with a rattan
So drove Corbin the Jews from Manhattan;
Now the beach-eating wave
Drives Corbin the brave,
And avenges the people he sat on.

F. C. M.

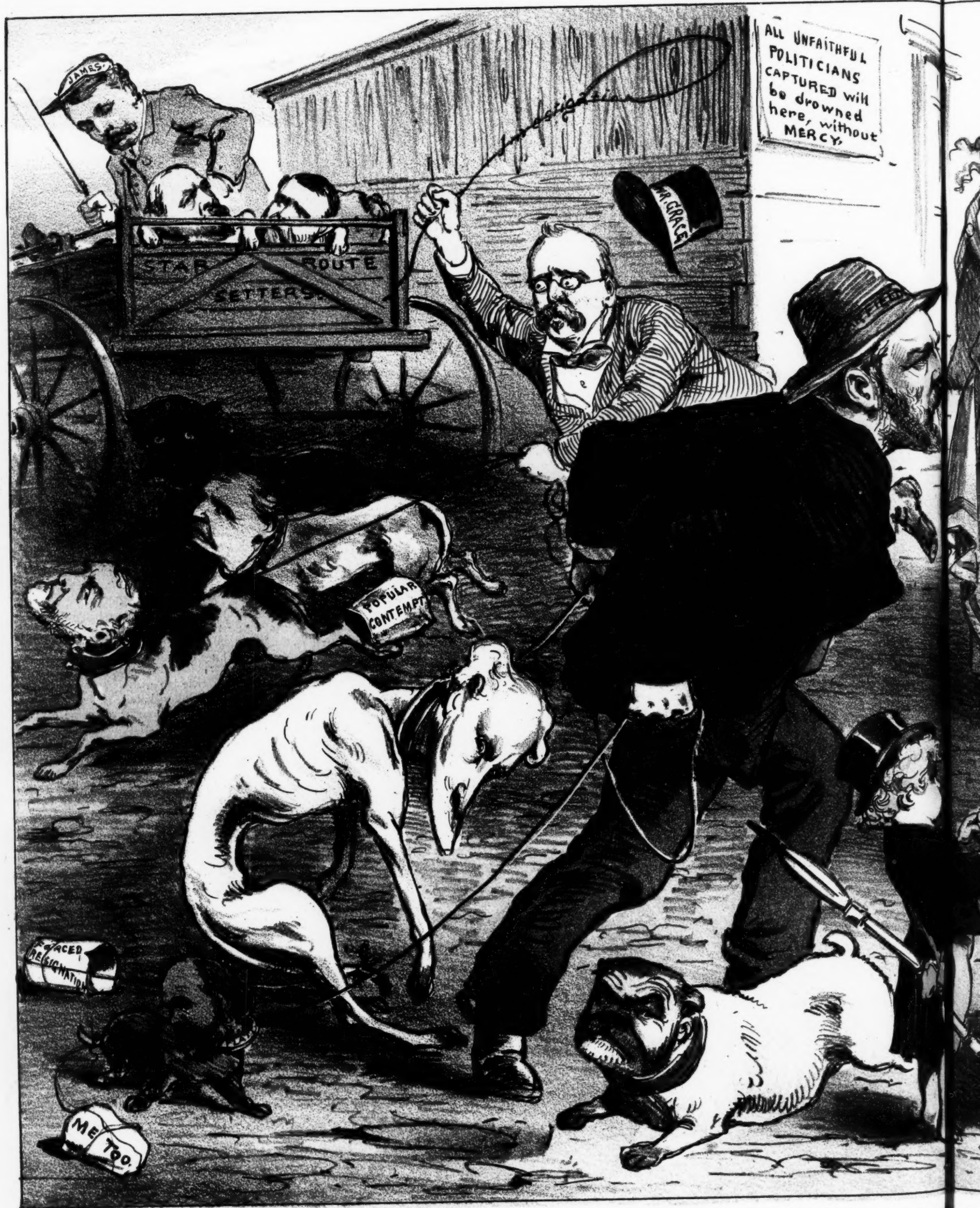
TERRA INCOGNITA.

"Our streets are to be cleaned at once," said
Jim;
"The new Commissioner will brush and hoe
them."
"Let's hope that that report's untrue," quoth
Tom;
"For, if they should be cleaned, we'd never
know them." A. L.

LIVERPOOL has just been indulging in a little plot. Now, that is just about where Liverpool has the sweet-scented drop on the average play.

Now doth the clerk waltz around like a be-headed Shanghai, when he discovers that business is bracing up so that it will be utterly impossible for him to get a vacation.

THE philosopher doesn't live who can tell the exact reason why it is that as soon as the weather begins to be hot, a man gets about five times as much sand in his shoes as he does when it is ordinarily cool.



THE KIND OF DOG-CATCHING V



TCH WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

SONNETS ON COLORS.

No. IV.—YELLOW.

FAIR is the faint wan yellow in the west,
 The last pale radiance of departing day;
 The buttercups a-blossom all in May
 Are fair; and with a keen æsthetic zest
 I look at lemon-skins, while I digest
 The lemon pie. Fair in its disarray
 I find the flaxen hair where zephyrs play;
 And yellow polka-dots bestrew my vest.
 Yellow my neck-ties are; my jaundiced cheek
 Boasts the same hue; and buckskin underclo'es
 I also wear, and studs of yellow pearl.
 And low, yet lovingly, here let me speak
 One word of worship for my yellow rose—
 My topaz gem—my little yellor girl!

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Walter Emerson is a cornet virtuoso, and he does his virtuosoing at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, in connection with Neuendorff's Grand Orchestra, which discourses sweet music nightly.

The Bey of Tunis has appointed his court buffoon to the post of Administrator of Religious Corporations. The additional work, however, will not interfere with Mr. Talmage's regular Sunday circus, which will be given every week in Brooklyn.

The METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL advertises itself as the coolest house in the city. We have not noted the temperature, but during the recent weather it must have been very cold. But the absence of caloric is compensated for by the excellence of Mr. Rudolf Bial's orchestra.

"The World," at WALLACK'S, has tightened its grip on the public, and there is no knowing when it is going to let go. The extraordinary scenic effects and admirable acting go much towards causing such a state of things, to the lively satisfaction of the management and the envy of other theatrical men in the business.

Miss Marie Prescott is now resting from the toils undergone during the Salvini season. We say toils, for to support such an artist with any degree of success required not only ability but much hard work. Miss Prescott possesses the ability and was equal to the hard work, and is now in fine training to repeat her triumphs in the Fall as leading lady to the coming Italian tragedian, Rossi.

Mr. Joaquin Miller thinks "The Professor," now being played at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, as bright and as new as a nugget of Nevada silver. We cannot altogether agree with the Sierra poet. We are prepared to admit the newness of the drama; but the brightness is not so apparent. But what of that? People go to see it, notwithstanding, and no dramatic author can expect more.

Mr. G. H. Jessop's drama of "Sam'l of Posen" has still great attraction for theatre-goers. And, as all the theatre-goers are in town, the weather not having as yet permitted them to seek that repose which is only found in a summer resort, HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE is filled nightly. Mr. M. B. Curtis's impersonation of *Sam'l* is as original as it is effective. It now looks as if the piece would run all through the lukewarm weather.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She doesn't keep a card-album.

BOB WHITE.—You can get PUCKOGRAPHS Nos. 1, 2 and 3 either by buying PUCK Nos. 201, 205, and 214; or by skirmishing around barber-shops and smouching them.

R. CONKLING.—No, dear sir, we have no room on our staff for a gentleman of distinguished appearance and despondent cast of mind, even at the low rates which you propose.

JACQUES.—We were anxiously waiting for one more Revised Version joke, to make up the even assortment of 10,000, to be sent this week to the O I C man. Your two fill the first lot and start us in on the second.

THE CARD COLLECTING CRAZE.

When a man comes home from his daily toil, and strikes the door-mat at just five minutes before dinner-time, it is intensely soothing to him to find his wife seated in the parlor, pasting advertising cards into a huge album; and when she jumps up and throws her arms around his neck and gets him all over with paste, and says:

"Oh, is that you, dear? I didn't know it was so late. I've been pasting cards in all the afternoon. I'll order dinner as soon as I finish this page!"

—then the husband feels happy through all his spiritual being. And occasionally he expresses his joy and amiability by communicating a gentle impulse to the album which sends it more or less out of the window.

The old keramic craze was bad enough; but it had its redeeming features. A discreet husband and father-of-a-family could supply his womankind with extra large pots, and it would be a long time before they were painted and glazed and ready to be put around the house, in everybody's way. Then, too, it was always feasible to set the small boy of the family to smashing the jars, privily and with malice aforethought; and in several other ways the nuisance could be kept within certain limits.

But the new mania has a fatal cheapness about it. There is no keeping it down. It grasps the feminine mind just where the feminine mind is weak—we mean, weakest. The prospect of getting a collection of anything whatever that costs nothing is too much for American women brought up on the twenty-seven-cent store system. And what makes matters worse is that every tradesman and manufacturer encourages the mania—because it helps to advertise the business.

Slommo & Company are certain to have more women encase themselves in those wonderful corsets of their make if an elegantly illuminated advertising card, setting forth the merits of these garments, is well and widely circulated.

Indeed, so popular is this mania likely to become that it



is questionable if it ever can die the natural death of keramics, postage-stamps, or roller-skates.

Consider what an inducement it is for the proprietor of Whangdoodleum's champagne to lavish money on a card printed in all the colors of the rainbow, when the proprietors know that it will figure in the album of half the womanhood of the country!

The liver pad, the honey soap, the cigarette, the new style of glove that adopts this method of proclaiming its virtues is bound to get ahead of the better article that is content to rub along under the old system of newspaper advertising.

It is difficult to know how the whole craze is going to end. Every business man in the country must soon find out that the only way to save himself from bankruptcy is to engage the most expensive artists to make designs for him. If Swankey, who puts up tooth paste, wants to do a larger trade than Smith, who puts up Noyoudont dental wash, he must be prepared to issue a much more gorgeous card than his rival.

The cards will gradually get larger. The young woman who is making a collection will be kept, by competition of would-be advertisers, constantly at work. Each album will require a room for itself, and ultimately a house for itself—and after that the lunatic asylums will need to be enlarged and their number increased.

A BAD MOUTHFUL.

NEW YORK, June 17th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I am a steady reader of your excellent PUCK. It was the first paper that got into my hands, when I a year ago came to this country, and I since have enjoyed every number of it.

Whenever PUCK has had occasion to handle foreign languages, it always has done it in a masterly way; but to-day I find a little conversation alleged to have taken place between Thorwaldsen and Hans Christian Andersen, and as I am a Dane, it had particular interest for me.

Excuse me for saying that you have given your readers a pretty bad mouthful of Danish. You have it thus:

"Vil De gaa til Balet iaften?"
 "Ikke ætte Aften."
 "Ad andet Aften?"
 "God Aften."
 And he lit out. (Og han lyse bort.)
 But it ought to have been thus, in proper Danish:
 "Vil De gan til Ballet iaften?"
 "Nei, ikke iaften."
 "Maaské en anden Aften."
 "God Aften."
 And he lit out. (Og han lyste ud.)

I don't know if you will take my remarks *ad notam*. I make them because I like to see PUCK as faultless as possible.

Respectfully,
 C. STEENSEN.

PUCK ON WHEELS

No. 2, For 1881.

See Advertisement on Page 283 of Puck.

ANDROSCOGGIN JIM AND HIS LOVE.

Written expressly for PUCK, by ERNEST HARVIER.

CHAPTER VI.

LET NO GUILTY MAN ESCAPE.

THE reader must understand that he (or she) is given, as it were, an excursion ticket with this serial. However far I may get him (or her) in the mazes of this narrative, I give bonds to get him (or her) back safely to where he (or she) started. This is more than most novelette authors are willing to do, and displays a spirit at once subdued, thoughtful and conciliatory. To specify:

When the curtain fell on Chapter Five, Araminta was taking a promenade on the prairie in the obvious custody of nineteen untamed, but not untanned red-skins. Androscoggin Jim (who wore, by the way, a poker-dot blue necktie and was, therefore, a subject for no sympathy whatever) was, some distance away, following stealthily with the red-handed lynchers from the bar-room of the "Dakota Wilderness." Lot's wife for looking back became, methinks, a pillar of salt. It must, therefore, be clear even to the rudest intellect that the serial writer who would attempt the same wayward proceeding would suffer in some similar way. And when you consider that the very basis of his professional existence is his freshness, you will observe that the intrusion of salt, as in the case of Mrs. Lot, would bring that all to a most untimely climax. For salt is a specific for freshness, and don't you forget it.

While loath therefore to look back I believe you will remember that the last lines of the last chapter represented (however accurately I do not know) Androscoggin Jim and the lynchers in the rather plebeian attitude of putting their ears to the ground.

They had just heard reverberate across the virgin bosom of the boundless prairie a shriek commingling in its character the attributes of a howl, a shout, a sigh, and a moan.

"Traced," as the detectives would say, it proceeded from Araminta. (The reader will kindly observe the expediency of ending each instalment of a novelette with a woman's shriek. It is theatrical yet inconsequential).

Well, I say Araminta shrieked. And who is there to contradict me? No one.

If this were a physiological romance, which, by the way, of all things it is not, it would be useful to inquire the peculiar temperament and conditions which led to this shriek being uttered, and a medical diagnosis on the causes of the same.

But it is not. Hence it is simply sufficient to know that Araminta, the heroine of this thrilling romance, exercised at the particular period of which I write one of woman's inalienable prerogatives, and shrieked.

CHAPTER VII.

TEN WORDS, COLLECT.

Androscoggin Jim, on hearing this envoy from Araminta, raised his ears from the ground and in all the dignity of a Da-

kota freeholder exclaimed to the lynchers: "Men and brothers, that shriek is a signal of dire distress from our"—he emphasised our—"loved one and is a call to the chivalrous son of the prairie to come to her rescue. Will he tarry? In the days of old brave and valliant men would go through fire and water to save and serve a maiden. Shall we stand idly here? Two and a half per cent times no! Let us advance and hurl these treacherous red-skins to the ground!"

The Dakota lynchers acquiesced to this as they would acquiesce to anything in which they saw a drink or a dollar, and having after the manner of the knights of old sworn eternal fealty to their cause proceeded in the direction of the unnaturalized marauders.

In this era of telegraphs, telephones and promised electric lights space is very easily annihilated. The lynchers led by Androscoggin Jim departed precipitately, and in very little more time than it takes to tell it here were abreast with the vile abductors.

Reader, do you not discern something noble in all this? Is not the defence of woman one of the most beautiful traits of our degenerate humanity? It is, and Androscoggin Jim, although a Maine man, knew it. He felt it. And his soul expanded, his step quickened and his heart overflowed in the presence of this great duty. The lynchers were veritable stalwarts. They felt conscious of the obligation resting upon them, and they took counsel of their whiskey flasks which Androscoggin Jim (a Maine man right down to the ground) had, judiciously, filled. There is no total abstinence law in Dakota.

It is a marvellously exhilarating sight to witness the meeting of these stalwarts and half-

breeds. On one side stood the Tullahoomas imperious and defiant. With them "stood in" Araminta.

On the other side stood the Dakota lynchers and Androscoggin Jim. I do not undertake to say with whom the sympathies of the readers go. There was right as well as might on both sides. It would be difficult to determine which side would be the favorite in the betting. However, the Indians were handicapped by having a woman in their party. This circumstance should not be forgotten.

Araminta neither sighed nor smiled. She felt (and showed it) that she was the fair prize for which both sides were contending, and she realized the policy and expediency of being in good trim. Androscoggin Jim moaned audibly as it flashed across his Maine mind how much was depending on this encounter. Before the combat both sides eyed each other intently. It was the lull before the storm. Each was measuring visually the other's forces. I hope they were satisfied with the results of their investigation. It is a cyclone which blows no one any good.

CHAPTER VIII.

VE VICTIS!

A ray of light. Darkness. A peal of thunder. A flash of lightning. The fight had begun.

With the very best wishes in the world to be romantic and to give the reader his full money's worth in this story, I cannot express much admiration for the method of fighting displayed by either side. Indians, regarded from the writings of Captain Mayne Reid and Eli Perkins, are the mighty masters of the great forests primeval. They wander about creation as they list. They breathe the free air, drink

from virgin streams, lave in the rivulets along the hillside, slumber in the leafy thickets and cavort in the light of the sun. Base, menial, degrading manual labor they never perform. The prairie is their battle-ground, the rocky-pass their ambush. They live on fish and fowl and herbs, and have no pecuniary transactions. Nothing servile, civilized or business-like enters into their daily lives. They issue no sixty-day notes, give no bills of sale, endorse no sight drafts, seldom go to protest and are never judiciously dispossessed. Nature is the chieftain's sweet-heart. The council-fire is his inspiration, a horse and a dog are his companions. His quiver is ever full, his arrow ever drawn, his tomahawk poised and

his sabre drawn to rescue the weak, the suffering and the oppressed.

But, as a matter of fact, the Indian of the present day is a destitute tramp, an Ishmael who lives on the bounty of the Department of the Interior and gets gin and beef and blankets in payment for his silence. He takes what is given him and everything else he can find.

Such is the Indian of 1881. To see him is to contemplate the beauties of civilization. But to see the resident Dakota lyncher is to reconsider, as it were. For gazing most dispassionately on the two it takes a man of marvellous ingenuity to tell which is indeed the most worthless and degraded, the aboriginal tramp or

PLUMBER AND PLUMBED.



WINTER—PLUMBER MAKING MONEY.



SUMMER—PLUMBER SPENDING IT.



NO SUMMER-TRIP FOR THE UNFORTUNATE PARTIES WHO HAD PLUMBING DONE.

the civilized tramp. When, however, a Maine man is cast into the scales on the side of civilization you hesitate no longer, but award the red-skin the faint credit of being a little less a subject of sympathy. Reader, there is no use trying to be romantic under impossible conditions. Gallantly excepting Araminta—for she was a lady despite the misfortune of her nativity—I will not pretend to disguise the fact that this assemblage was a meeting of tramps.

Had the whole party (Androscoggin Jim) been, by the action of a howitzer, swept from the surface of the prairie, humanity would not have had any cause to grieve. This, however, is confidential. I would ask you to let it go no farther, but as everyone reads PUCK this is entirely unnecessary and obviously superfluous. Timed by a Jörgensen stemwinder, the contest lasted twenty-seven minutes, and as I feel myself utterly incapable of doing justice to the theme, I will surrender for the next chapter the pen to M. Victor Hugo who, in his own inimitable style, will describe the occurrence. *Les eaux sont basses chez lui.* (Low water.)

CHAPTER IX.

REVISED EDITION.

The clock struck ten minutes past four. A sparrow was blown by. A mock-turtle awaked. It was Hell on wheels.

Suddenly the atmosphere changed. Jacques d'Androscoggin took his revolver from his belt. Cimeter of civilization! Peace! He knew he was beloved. Such were the views of Jacques.

Conceive butchers on one side. A colosseum on the other. The enigmatical, hyperbolic, fight of the infinite was there before me. I sneezed.

On one side civilization, intelligence, culture, hope, talent, prowess, power, self-consciously right, the community of soul, the co-partnership of interests, peace, the prison of the rectangular Republics, the finite yawning, the infinite asleep, the peaceful hamlet, the hush of the school-rooms, the reverberation of the anvils, a bell tolling in the tower of a shrine, railroads, progress, ships laden with the treasures of the mind's storehouse, truth, invincible shielded by right, perpetual, green grass, smiling meadows, mothers singing the mines of gold, the harvests of wheat, myself—everything!

On the other: pigmies, intelligence manacled, butchery rampant, the deserted village, the stagnant stream, tramps eating, the churchyards falling into decay, old men dyeing their hair, blood, disputes, contests, wrangles, gore in tons, deceit, lying, shame, a sigh breaking from infinitude and heralded by the enigma of nationalities, *i.e.* the syllogism of the syllabus, space, fury,—nothingness!

There they were contending. See! see! The eclipse of combat. It is too much for me. My ... is broke. V. H.

* * * * *

The Indians had put Androscoggin Jim and the lynchers to flight and were once more masters of the field and of Araminta. Androscoggin Jim's revolver had kicked. He was furious.

[To be continued in our next.]

MR. FREDERICK BROWN, of Philadelphia, whose name is occasionally heard in connection with ginger, is doing a little in the Puck way. He has issued a couple of small cartoons, entitled "Cherry Ripe" and "Cherry Unripe." The first is by Mr. Millais, and the second is by an irreverent comic artist on the staff of our E. and occasionally funny C., the London *Punch*. The two form a startling and effective combination.

HOW TO UTILIZE A FEW OF THE HUMBUG
"CHAMPION PEDESTRIANS."

MAKE DOG-CATCHERS OF THEM.

Puck's Exchanges.

HE.

When other lips than mine the sweets
That once I sought shall seek,
When other vows than mine shall bring
The blushes to thy cheek,
Then memory perchance may rend
The veil of vanished years,
And yield to all my trust and love
The tribute of thy tears.

SHE.

Oh, yes, you do not overpaint,
Dark though the picture be,
In joy or gloom, in doubt or faith,
I still shall think of thee;
Thy kisses to my lips shall cling,
Howe'er my fancy roves,
And memory keep the fragrance of
Those cardamoms and cloves.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

JIM KEENE'S WASHERWOMAN.

"The fact is," said Jim Keene, the great New York rival to Jay Gould, as he relaxed his usual taciturnity under the genial influence of one of Sam Ward's dinners the other day; "the fact is that no matter how clever and thorough a man's system of stock operating may be, there is always occurring some little unforeseen and apparently insignificant circumstance that is forever knocking the best laid plans into a cocked hat."

"As how?"

"Well, for instance, about a year ago I was doing a good deal in Lake Shore, and counted on making a big clean-up. I discovered, however, that there was some hidden influence in the market that was always against me. It didn't exactly defeat my plans, but it lessened the profits. I soon saw that there was some other operator who was kept informed as to my movements in time to make me pay for his knowledge."

JUST OUT!
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price 25 Cents.

"Broker gave you away?" said several.

"Not at all. I never gave an order in advance, and, besides, I used, as now, half a dozen different brokers, and, also, gave 'cross' and 'dummy' orders in plenty. One day, while I was standing at the window of my up-town palace, cogitating over this state of affairs, an elegant private coupé drove past, and stopped just around the corner from my door. It contained a richly dressed lady and a ragged looking girl. The latter got out, rang my basement bell, and was admitted. I sent for my man servant, and inquired who the girl might be.

"She comes for the wash, sir," he said.

"Does she generally come in a coupé?" I inquired.

"Why, no, sir," said my man, very much surprised; "her mother, the washerwoman, is very poor."

"Just then my own carriage drove round for me, and as it passed the other I could see the lady eagerly sorting the soiled clothes in the coupé on her lap. This excited my curiosity, so I had my driver follow along behind. Pretty soon the coupé stopped, and the dirty little girl got out with the bundle and went into a brown stone front on Twenty-ninth Street. The coupé then kept straight on to Wall Street and stopped in front of a broker's office, where the lady alighted with my entire lot of soiled shirt-cuffs in her hand."

"Shirt-cuffs!" cried the entire company.

"Exactly; shirt-cuffs. I saw through it all in a moment. You see, I am, or rather was, a great hand while at dinner, or at the theatre in the evening, to think over my plans for the next day, and to make memorandums on my cuffs to consult before starting down town in the morning. My washerwoman had found this out, and had been quietly 'coppering' my game by means of my cuffs for over a year."

"Well, by Jove!" said Sam Ward, pausing for a single instant in the sacred mystery of said dressing.

"It's the cold fact," continued Keene. "In less than eight months she had cleaned up over six hundred thousand dollars, and was washing my clothes—at least the cuffs—in an eighty thousand dollar house. She had diamonds and horses until you couldn't rest."

"You didn't make any more cuff mems. after that," laughed several.

"Well, not many—just a few," said the great operator, holding his Burgundy up to the light. "I believe I kept it up about a month longer, at the end of which time I had raked in the washerwoman's bank account, and even had a mortgage on the brown stone house. It was a queer coincidence, wasn't it? But perhaps the information she found on the cuffs after that wasn't as exact as it had been, somehow, nor as reliable."

And the "King of the Street" emptied his glass with an indescribable wink that made Beach, who was short on Harlem, shiver like a cat who had just swallowed a live mouse.—*Derrick Dodd, in San Francisco Post.*

It is estimated that six leading American tragedians, after playing a six months' engagement each in England, would not bring as many dollars to America as one English pedestrian, after a week's walk in this country, would take home with him to London.—*Norristown Herald.*

DARWIN has written a volume on the habits of worms, and it is hoped he tells why you can never find one in a box of bait.—*Lowell American Citizen.*

AN exhaustive article—The stomach pump. A shapely hand—Four aces and a king.—*Boston Star.*

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5.00; DERBIES, \$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church Street, up Stairs.

GUARD AGAINST THE EFFECT OF BAD WATER!

We recommend
all MINERS and
TRAVELERS to
carry and use

BROWN'S GINGER

The GENUINE
article known
everywhere in
the World—has
been made for 50
years and more
in Philadelphia,
BY
FRED. BROWN.

STRAITON & STORM'S

LATEST

Royal Owl Segars

The finest they have ever produced.
AND

Royal Owl Cigarettes, ALL HAVANA TOBACCO,

FREE FROM ALL ADULTERATIONS, AND GUARAN-
TEED AS FINE AS CAN BE MADE FROM TOBACCO.

Smokers will find the OWL HAVANA CIGARETTES Pure Rice
Paper Wrappers, the best of the kind offered for sale.

NO WONDER.



SHE.—MY DEAR, YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING OUT OF
THAT WINDOW FOR AN HOUR. WHAT IS THE REASON?
HE.—I AM LOOKING AT THE ENORMOUS NUMBER OF
HAPPY, CONTENTED PEOPLE WHO PASS, EACH WITH A
COPY OF PUCK ON WHEELS IN HIS HANDS.

A HAIR BRUSH should be used with the bristles
down, the bald section of the brush being for
ornament only.

TO STAIN WHITE MARBLE.—Strong tea is
good for this purpose, although vinegar, if un-
adulterated, will answer.

Still, for a pronounced and permanent spot,
experience has taught us that to overturn a
bottle of ordinary black ink is the most reliable.

TO CRACK A HICKORY NUT—You should ob-
tain a two or three horse power letter press
(a second hand one being fully as serviceable
as one fresh from the manufactory) and raise
the top-plate to its highest extension, then lay
the hickory nut on the bottom or bed plate of
the press, and screw the press downward until
the plates are within an inch of joining, pausing
a moment, turn the screw slowly until you hear
the nut crack.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—If they are light in
color, obtain two quarts of benzine, in separate
vessels, then draw the gloves on, buttoning
closely to the regulation style and with becom-
ing solemnity.

When the creases are removed by the warmth
of your hands, place one in each of the vessels,
and keep them immersed for full two hours,
using caution as to lighted gas or fire, proximity
to either being attended with danger. Let the
gloves dry on your hands, remove them and
take a stroll in the Central Park, to remove the
effluvia which is apt to linger, long after you
have settled for the benzine.—*Household Receipts*
from the *Elevated Railroad Journal*.

Hop Bitters is a preventive and cure for Ague; it is your own
fault if you have it.

A beautiful fit may be secured in boots or shoes without dis-
comfort by using German Corn Remover. 25 cents.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please
hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations
at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are
to appear. PUBLISHERS "PUCK."

JUST OUT!
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price 25 Cents.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as
a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy.
A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay
of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain
can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN
MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern
the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful appli-
cation of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has
provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage
which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious
use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradu-
ally built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to dis-
ease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready
to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many
a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood
and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, half and pound, labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO.,

Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME

The latest improvement in Sewing Machines, combining extreme
simplicity with great strength and durability.

Noted for fine workmanship and excellence of production.

Does not fatigue the operator.

Send for a set of our new CHROMO CARDS.

JOHNSON, CLARK & CO.,

30 Union Square, New York; or Orange, Mass.

Established 1838.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Solid Silver & Plated Wares,
363 CANAL STREET,
Bet. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., New York.

Bargains in every department.

American Watches, \$7. Stem Winders, \$12.
Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winders, \$50.
Diamond Studs, \$10 and upwards. Wedding
Rings, \$2 and upwards. The largest assortment of
Jewelry at lowest prices. Repairing of every de-
scription neatly executed. Goods sent C. O. D. to
any part of the U. S. New Illustrated Price List.



Our new Stylographic Pen (just patented), having the
duplex interchangeable point section, is the very latest
improvement. THE STYLOGRAPHIC PEN CO., Room
13, 109 Broadway, New York. Send for circular.

Kimney Bros. Celebrated Cigarettes.

*Capital
Capital
Sweet
Capital
St. James
St. James
Am. Tobacco
Maline
Shook
Veteran*

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

COSTUME DEPARTMENT.

Paris made Suits, Evening and Reception Dresses, Garments for Seaside and Mountain, Carriage Wraps, Cloaks and Mantles; also, a select stock of their own manufacture, in the most fashionable materials, will be offered at greatly reduced prices, prior to taking the semi-annual inventory. French Pattern Suits and Sacques for Misses. New Styles at equally low prices.

BROADWAY & 19th STREET.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

CANTON MATTINGS.

A full line of
WHITE, CHECK, and FANCIES.

Also, Best American and English Brussels.
Moquette, Tapestry and Ingrain

CARPETS

at Extremely Low Prices for the balance of the Season.

BROADWAY & 19th STREET.



Also, No. 379 SIXTH AVENUE,
Middle of Block, 23rd and 24th Sts.

SIX DRESS SHIRTS TO MEASURE, FOR \$9.

Under Shirts and Drawers for Spring Wear,
50 cts., 75 cts. and \$1.

Pepperell Jean Drawers (own make) 50 cts. pair.

Catalogues sent on application.

ARNHEIM

The Tailor,

190 & 192 BOWERY, cor. SPRING ST.,
NEW YORK CITY.

Be careful of Imitators, and note the Number of our Establishment, as we have no connection whatever with any other House on the Bowery.

Fine Cassimere Pants, Made to Order...\$4.00

Elegant Suits, Made to Order.....\$16.00

ARTISTIC CUTTING.

SAMPLES, FASHION PLATE, AND RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

PUCK ON WHEELS

How dear to my heart was the old family Bible,
That stood on the table so solemn and still,
Where often I've hid anything I thought liable
To get in the hands of my bad brother Bill.
How ardent I've seized it with eyes that were
glowing,

And shook its wide pages until out the things
fell;

But now all its charming old secrecy's going,
With this new-fangled Bible the bookstores
all sell.

The new-fangled Bible, the twenty-cent Bible.
This reversed Bible that says Hades for Hell.

—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

THERE was a sweet girl in Hoboken
Whose heart o'er some fellow was broken;
When he'd murmur, "Ice cream?"
She'd smile all a-dream,

Nor weaken, nor wiken, nor woken.

—*American Queen.*

It has surprised some of our people that the
female characters were so well assumed in the
Greek play; but there is nothing surprising
about it. The gallant young Harvard man is
always ready to take a lady's part.—*Boston
Transcript.*

THE Earl of Beaconsfield died holding in
his right hand the hands of two men whom he
had created peers. His official career was one
long game, and he peers to have died with a
full hand.—*American Queen.*

It would have made a different man of Car-
lyle had he occasionally rolled tenpins and
played poker.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Habitual Costiveness

is the bane of nearly every American woman. Every woman
owes it to herself and her family to use that celebrated medi-
cine, Kidney-Wort. Is the sure remedy for constipation and
for all disorders of the kidneys and liver. Try it now, either dry
or liquid.—*News and Courier.*

ESTABLISHED 1840.

JONES

35 COMPLETE DEPARTMENTS.

Personal and Housekeeping Outfits furnished.

SILKS AND SATINS. SUITS AND CLOAKS.
DRESS GOODS. BOYS' SUITS.
MILLINERY. FANCY GOODS.
DOMESTICS. UNDERWEAR.
LINENS. LACES.

JONES

Eight Avenue AND Eighth Avenue
Nineteenth Street. Nineteenth Street.

JONES

SHOES. CUTLERY.
UPHOLSTERY. CROCKERY.
FURNITURE. GLASSWARE.
LACE CURTAINS. REFRIGERATORS.
CARPETS, RUGS, ETC. HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT A SPECIALTY.

Prompt Attention to all Requests.

UNEQUALLED INDUCEMENTS TO OUT OF TOWN RESIDENTS.

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

CATALOGUES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

JONES 8th Ave., cor. 19th St., JONES
NEW YORK CITY.

JUST OUT!

PUCK ON WHEELS

Price 25 Cents.

MC CANN'S HATS

\$2.90 FOR A \$5.00 SILK HAT.
\$1.75 FOR A \$2.50 SOFT HAT.
\$2.40 FOR A \$3.50 DERBY HAT.

218 BOWERY.

KEEP'S SHIRTS

ALWAYS THE BEST.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY MADE SHIRTS.
6 for \$6; easily finished.

KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS, Perfect Fitting, to mea-
sure, 6 for \$9.

The best assortment of **FANCY SHIRTINGS** in French
Penangs and Scotch Cheviots to be found in the city.

UNDERWEAR, in Gauze, Gossamer and Summer Merino;
JEAN DRAWERS, best quality, (white twilled.)

LINSE THREAD GLOVES (best imported), at lowest
prices; **COLLARS, CUFFS, HANDKERCHIEFS,**
HONIER, NECKWEAR, JEWELRY, UMBRELLAS,
LAS. &c.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,

341 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN.

637 & 1193 BROADWAY, and 80 NASSAU ST., N. Y.

E. Ridley & Sons,

Grand and Allen Sts., N. Y.

STRAW GOODS,

WE SAID LAST WEEK

Lowest Prices.

It's All a Mistake!!

THIS WEEK

THEY ARE STILL LOWER!

YEDDO HATS..... }
YEDDO HATS (TRIMMED)..... } **6**
ROUGH AND READY HATS..... } **CENTS.**
FANCY BRAID HATS..... }

EXTRA FINE FRENCH CHIP HATS } **29 Cts.**
AND BONNETS }

FINE EMBROIDERED FANCY LACE HATS AND
BONNETS AT 99c.; HAVE BEEN \$2.75.

FANCY LACE HATS, 29c.

SAILOR HATS, TRIMMED, 13c.

CAPE MAY, TRIMMED, 23c.

SCHOOL HATS, TRIMMED, 17c.

**OUR NEW SUMMER HATS,
FOR MOUNTAIN AND SEASIDE.**

Boys' Clothing.

1,500 SAILOR SUITS AT \$1.49.

KNEE PANT SUITS AT \$1.12.

BOYS' SUITS, 20 TO 16 YEARS, \$4.50, \$5.75.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 311½ Grand St.

58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68 AND 70 ALLEN ST.

PUCK ON WHEELS

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

British Medical Journal.

"Tonic, Restorative, and Enlivening."

Dr. Thilenius.

"Exhilarating, good for Loss of Appetite."

Peter Squire, Chemist to the Queen.

ANNUAL SALE, 9 MILLIONS.

Of all Grocers, Druggists, and Mineral Water Dealers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

"The America"
EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.



A. Werner & Co.,

308 Broadway, New York.

FRASH & CO.

10 Barclay St., New York.

CHAMPAGNE,

"Continental" Brand.

In cases, quarts.....\$7.00
"pints.....\$8.00
"cocktails, 100 bottles.....\$7.00
A suitable discount to the trade.

TEN CENTS A GLASS.

Champagne Pavillion at Coney Island,
opposite New Iron Pier and adjoining
West Brighton Beach Hotel.
Also Cal. Hock, Claret, Angelica, Sherry
and Brandy.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT OF
EUROPEAN MINERAL WATERS.

Apollinaris, Hunyadi, Carlsbad, Ems, Friedrichshall,
Gieshübler, Homburg, Kronthal, Kissingen, Marienbad, Pöllna,
Schwalbach, Selters, Taunus, Vichy, Birmensdorf, Wilhelms-
quelle, and fifty others.

DEPOT FOR ALL AMERICAN WATERS.
Bottlers of RINGLER'S New York, Cincinnati, Toledo and Mil-
waukee Beer. Agents for
GEORGE HOEHL, Geisenheim. Rhine Wines.
TH. LAMARQUE & CO., Bordeaux. Clarets.
DUBOIS FRERE & CAIGNON, Cognac. Brandy.

P. SCHERER & CO.,
48 Barclay Street, New York.

THE GREAT SUMMER DRINKS.

Refreshing and Invigorating.

CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S

DUBLIN AND BELFAST

GINGER ALE

AND
CLUB SODA.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. See that the Cork is
branded "Cantrell & Cochrane Dublin and Belfast."



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from \$3 to \$500
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and
reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.



DENTAL OFFICE OF

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess.

162 W. 23rd St., bet. 6th & 7th Aves., N. Y.

THERE'S a joy that can't be spoken
When the summer-time abides,
And you walk the blooming garden
With its vegetable tides,
When the products to your stomach
Promise comfort very satis',
And your little Johnnie plumps you
With an over-ripe "tomatus."

— *Yonkers Gazette.*

"BRING the lady here. The animation of
her joy elates me blithesomely, alas, magnani-
mously, almost too amorous for her being. I
wish she would love me exactly. Madam, your
loveliness fills my admiration. I longed to see
you again that I may ask, have you ever mar-
ried a mariner whose avocation is on the sea?"
"Count Izia, my lips are innocent of crime;
unsullied is the nectar you would sip, so shall
it remain till we meet at my husband's demise."
"Madam, the purity of your virtue forces me
to steal a kiss." — *Elfin and Mermaids.*

We never attempted to teach a Sunday-
school but once, and upon that occasion when
we told the oldest scholar to take his feet off
the seat in front of him, put that apple in his
pocket, and blow his nose, he said if we would
step out into the alley-way he would knock
Gehenna out of us. It was a fair fight; but
the school wasn't there when we returned. —
N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE actress loves to receive the tribute of
flowers. She poses for the posies. — *Boston
Transcript.*

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A WAR RELIC.

In a very full report recently published in the Phila-
delphia *Ledger*, reference is made to the case of Mr.
George I. Graham, a prominent politician and active
journalist, (connected with the Philadelphia *Sunday Mir-
ror*), who, by using the great German remedy, St. Jacobs
Oil, was cured of a troublesome case of rheumatism, con-
tracted during the war. He closes his statement with—
"to those who are afflicted with that complaint, it is
worth its weight in gold."

LYONS' UMBRELLAS
are stamped "Lyons, Maker" and are only for sale by first-class
dealers.

CHEW! **GOLD COIN TOBACCO.** CHEW!

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free.
Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

GRAND UNION HOTEL,

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.,

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

Henry Clair.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS,
Manufacturer of
Meerscham Pipes,
SMOKERS' ARTICLES, &c.,
Wholesale and Retail. Repairing done. Circular free.
399 Broadway, New York.
Factories: No. 69 Walker Street and Vienna.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds,
only \$65. Pianos \$125 up.
Illns. Catalogue, FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

M. METZ,
STEAM PAMPHLET & BOOK BINDER,
No. 51 BEEKMAN STREET.

CANVASSERS Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling
goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New
York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

JUST OUT!
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price 25 Cents.

Carl H. Schultz's
Carbonic
Selters & Vichy.

860 BROADWAY, N. Y.

The Three Standard Table Waters.

Highly Sparkling and Absolutely Pure.
Unsurpassed as Diluents for Wines and Liquors.
The Favorite Table Drink of a Host of Families,
including Over Two Hundred of the Principal
Physicians.
For Sale in all Hotels, Clubs, Wine Rooms and
Drug Stores.
Shipped in Boxes of 50 Large Bottles to all
Parts of the Country.



ANGOSTURA
BITTERS.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of
exquisite flavor, now used over
the whole world, cures Dyspep-
sia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague,
and all disorders of the Digestive
Organs. A few drops impart a
delicious flavor to a glass of cham-
pagne, and to all summer drinks.
Try it, but beware of counterfeits.
Ask your grocer or druggist for
the genuine article, manufactured
by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT &
SONS.

J. W. HANCOX, Sole Ag't
51 Broadway, N. Y.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing-Assoc'n.
ST. LOUIS, Mo.

We are now receiving daily shipments of this Brewery's
celebrated Beer which is finding so much favor at the Metropolitan
Concert Hall, and in all places where it is sold. Dealers who
wish to keep it will please apply to

A. C. L. & O. MEYER, Sole Agents,
49 Broad Street, NEW YORK.

D. G. YUENGLING, JR.'S

EXTRA FINE

DOUBLE BEER

competes with the best of Imported Brands.

BREWERY,
NEWLY BUILT, WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVE-
MENTS.

Cor. 128th St. and 10th Ave., N. Y.



JAMES M. BELL & CO.,
31 Broadway, New York.

Price, Per Case, (One Dozen).....\$6.00



"JUST OUT."

BOOK OF INSTRUCTION

IN THE USE OF

INDIAN CLUBS,

DUMB-BELLS,

And other exercises. Also in the Games of

QUOITS, ARCHERY, ETC.

Fully illustrated, bound in cloth. Price 25

Cents. SENT TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.

ON THE RECEIPT OF 30c POSTAGE STAMPS

M. BORNSTEIN, Publisher,

15 Ann St. New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit
free. Address TRUM & Co., Augusta, Maine.

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
No. 212 BROADWAY,
Corner Fulton Street.
STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

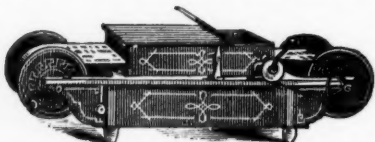
Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.

DECKER'S



POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,
with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior
to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.
Good second hand tables always on hand.
WAREHOUSES, 726 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE ORGUINETTE



IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR
AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen
operating mechanically as Orguettes, Musical Cabinets, and
Cabinets, at the most novel and interesting music warehouses
in the world.

No. 831 Broadway,
Between 12th and 13th Sts., NEW YORK.

THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for Circular.

M. H. MOSES & CO.,

75, 77, 79 & 81 VESEY ST.

**TEAS, COFFEES,
FANCY AND STAPLE
GROCERIES.**
SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.

**WM. NEELY.
BOOTS & SHOES**

348 Bowery, Cor. Great Jones St.
WHOLESALE HOUSE, CORNER CHURCH AND DUANE STREETS.
A full line of E. C. Burt's Fine Shoes.
All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

A. WEIDMANN & CO.,
306 Broadway, cor. Duane St.,
Importers of

COSTUMERS MATERIALS

Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles, etc.

A complete assortment of
MASKS.

Manufacturers of the patented "Humpty Dumpty" Face.
Sample lots of Masks for the trade, comprising the most de-
sirable styles, from five Dollars upwards.

**H. WALDSTEIN,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,**
41 Union Square, New York.

EYES FITTED WITH SUITABLE GLASSES. Consultation, inquiry
and correspondence solicited from those whose sight is impaired.
FIELD, MARINE, OPERA and TOURIST GLASSES of superior
quality, and a choice assortment of OPTICAL GOODS at moderate
prices. Artificial Human Eyes. Send for Catalogue.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithographed Cards. (No 2 Alike,
Name On, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

WHEN the courting at midnight is ended,
And he stands with his hat in his fist,
While she lovingly lingers beside him,
To bid him "ta-ta!" and be kissed,
How busy the thoughts of the future—
You bet you his thoughts he don't speak—
He is wondering how they can manage
To live on six dollars a week.

—Quincy Modern Argo.

We are told that a California printer and
editor, whose legs and arms are totally para-
lyzed, sets type with his teeth—putting his
editorials and other articles in type without
writing them. Of course he clips paragraphs
with his teeth also. There is a printer in St.
Louis who is sans legs, sans arms and sans
teeth, and he is a match for the California
typo. The St. Louisian sets type with his ears.
He puts an editorial in type with one ear while
composing an original poem with the other.
The only person in this country who owns a
more remarkable pair of ears is the man who
believes the story about the California printer,
and they are only remarkable for size.—*Norris-
town Herald.*

It is an unusually difficult year for a young
man to choose a profession. Recalcitrant
statesmen, jockeys, base-ball players and aes-
thetic wall decorators seem to be about equally
popular.—*New Haven Register.*

It is said Olive Logan fainted away the
other day when she met an old lover. This
gave the old lover an opportunity to escape.—
New Orleans Picayune.

[Evansville Daily Courier.]

A comforting conclusion is that which leads us always
to choose the best. Mr. Andrew Ulmer, Bluffton, Ind.,
says: I have thoroughly tested St. Jacobs Oil, and find
for rheumatism and neuralgia it has no equal.

CANDY Send one, two, three, or five dol-
lars for a sample box, by express, of
the best Candies in America, put up
elegantly and strictly pure. Reters
to all Chicago. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison Street, Chicago.

WEBER
MANUFACTURER OF
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

Prices reasonable. Terms easy.

WAREHOUSES:

5th Ave. and West 16th St., New York.

THOS. BAILEY Plumber and Practical
Sanitary Engineer,
10th Avenue, cor. 151st St., N. Y.

PENS THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

The Bicycle has proved itself to be a perma-
nent, practical road vehicle, and the number
in daily use is rapidly increasing. Professional
and business men, seekers after health or pleas-
ure, all join in bearing witness to its merits.

Send 3c. stamp for catalogue with price list
THE POPE MFG CO.,
46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.



**JUST OUT!
PUCK ON WHEELS
Price 25 Cents.**

**ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES.
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY—THE BEST!!**

**JOSEPH C. TODD,
ENGINEER AND MACHINIST**

Sole Manufacturer of the

New Baxter Patent Portable Steam Engine.

These engines are admirably adapted to all kinds of light power
for driving printing presses, pumping water, sawing wood, grind-
ing coffee, ginning cotton, and all kinds of agricultural and
mechanical purposes.

Send for descriptive circular. Address:
J. C. TODD, Paterson, N. J., or 1029 Barclay St., New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, VITAL WEAKNESS
and PROSTRATION, from overwork, etc., is radi-
cally and promptly cured by **Humphreys' Homeo-
pathic Specific No. 28.** Been in use 20 years, and is
the most successful remedy known. Price \$1 per vial, or 5
vials and vial of powder for \$5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!

BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valu-
able medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints;
a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A
fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excel-
lent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively
the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1029, 78 John St., N. Y.

TO ANY SUFFERING with CATARRH
or BRONCHITIS

Who honestly desire Relief, I can furnish means of

Permanent and Positive Cure,

Rev. T. P. CHILDS Remedies are the outgrowth of
his own experience he first obeyed the injunction
"Physician heal thyself." His treatment is the only
known means of permanent cure.—*Baptist
Home Treatment. Thousands of Testimonials. Valua-
ble treatise sent free. Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.*

**KIDNEY-
WORT**

PERMANENTLY CURES

**KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.**

Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases
of Kidney Troubles it has acted like a charm. It
has cured many very bad cases of Piles, and has
never failed to act efficiently."

Nelson Fairchild, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is
of priceless value. After sixteen years of great
suffering from Piles and Constipation it com-
pletely cured me."

C. B. Hogabon, of Berkshire says, "One pack-
age has done wonders for me in completely cur-
ing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

**IT HAS
WONDERFUL
POWER.**

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS
and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poison-
ous humors that develop in Kidney and Uri-
nary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Consti-
pation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form. In
tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts
of medicine. Also in Liquid Form very Con-
centrated for those that cannot readily pre-
pare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, \$1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

**AMERICAN
Star Soft Capsules.**

CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST,
AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES.
GENUINE ONLY IN
Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with
Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram
Book on Approved Treatment Sent Free.
Victor E. Mauger & Petrie,
110 Reade Street, New York.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or
three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.
Address STINSON & Co. Portland, Maine.

CONTENTS

— OF —

PUCK ON WHEELS

No. 2, For 1881.

Dedication to PUCK ON WHEELS in the Form of an Ode to the Hotel Clerk—*V. Hugo Dusenbury*. [One Illustration.] Introduction to the Sporting Department of PUCK ON WHEELS. [One Illustration.]

Bicycling. [One Illustration.]
Sparking. [One Illustration.]
Base-Ball. [One Illustration.]
Draw. [One Illustration.]
Jumping. [One Illustration.]
Carving. [One Illustration.]
Ice-Boating. [One Illustration.]
Archery. [One Illustration.]
Bathing. [One Illustration.]
Carpet-Beating. [One Illustration.]
Rowing. [One Illustration.]
Gunning. [One Illustration.]

Two Demonstrations—*T. H. Robertson*. [One Illus.]
An Area Idyll. A Glimpse at the Inner Secrets of the Office. [Four Illustrations.]

A Coney Island Reverie—*E. N. Lamont*. [One Illus.]
The Legend of Gore. Transcribed from Various Bald-headed Chronicles. [Four Illustrations.]

Correggio and Jimule. A Sketch of the Greatest Circus Act Ever Known. [Eight Illustrations.]

Patients. A Variation of the Gilbert and Sullivan School of Operetta—*H. C. Bunner*. [Nine Illustrations.]

An Artist Speaks—*R. K. Munkittrick*. [One Illustration.]

The Man with a Valet. A Social Sketch. [Three Illus.]

Sibbithorpe's Scheme and the End of It—*Alphonso De Luce Sibbithorpe*. [One Illustration.]

His Allie's Shoe—*Edward Wick*. [Two Illustrations.]

A Literary Reception—*John Albro*. [Two Illustrations.]

The Perverse Dyak and the Enthusiastic Missionaries. A Sunday-School Story. [Five Illustrations.]

New York Nomenclature—*A. H. Oaks*. [Two Illus.]

A Dreamer Dreams—*C. C. Starkweather*. [Two Illus.]

Caddie Corisande. The Courtly Cash-Girl of Chatham Street—*Captain Mandeville Blynn*. [Six Illustrations.]

The Cultured Young Lady—*Malcolm Douglas*. [Three Illus.]

Too Much Music. A Touching Tale of Concord and Cacophony. [Eight Illustrations.]

A Giddy Devotee and The Way He Did It—*J. Baskerville Timms*. [Two Illustrations.]

All Right Either Way—*L. A. Tulip*. [One Illustration.]

Fitznoodle in America. His Son and Heir. [One Illus.]

\$10,000; or, The Little Plan of the Bright Young Man—*Arthur Penn*. [Sixteen Illustrations.]

Resurrection—*A. H. O.* [Six Illus.]

Forgery as a Polite Art. The Goal a Jail. [Six Illus.]

Wagner's New Trilogy. A Brief Abstract Thereof, Elucidating the Ideas Conveyed in the Music. Provided by Our Double Wagnerian Composer. [Sixteen Illustrations.]

The Brigand Billionaire. A Tale of Italy and the Sixth Ward. [Five Illustrations.]

A Garretter Grumbles—*A. E. Watrous*. [One Illus.]

Musical Heredity. A Young Married Man's Bitter Experiences—*J. Sebastian Back Smith*. [Three Illustrations.]

An After-Dinner Speech. In Chauncey M. Depew's Style. Love's Labor's Lost—*G. H. Jessop*. [One Illustration.]

He was Warned. The Doom of the Incredible Book-Agent. [Six Illustrations.]

To the Moon—*Tricotrin*. [One Illustration.]

Patrick Oleson—*Bill Nye*. [One Illustration.]

A Treatise on Trichinae with Illustrations of the Patient. [Four Illustrations.]

Poughkeepsie—*Stovous*. [One Illustration.]

To the Summer Fly—*Arthur Lot*. [One Illustration.]

Summer Resorts. [One Illustration.]

PRICE, 25 CENTS.



CELEBRATED HATS.

178 & 180 Fifth Ave., New York { 179 Broadway, near
bet. 22d and 23d Sts., } Cortlandt St.,

And PALMER HOUSE, - CHICAGO, ILL.

CORRECT STYLES, EXTRA QUALITY,
LYON'S FINE SILK UMBRELLAS AND WALKING STICKS.

LADIES' RIDING AND WALKING HATS.



IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL

North German Lloyd

STEAMSHIP LINE between

New York, Southampton & Bremen.

Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken

NURNBERG. Tues. June 21st | MAIN.....Saturday, July 2nd

NECKAR. Saturday, June 25th | ODER.....Saturday, July 9th

Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON,

HAVRE, or BREMEN:

First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.

Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$28

OELECHS & CO., General Agents, No. 2 Bowling Green.

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this

office, 21 and 23 Warren Street, at 10 cents per copy:

Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21,

22, 25, 26, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 47, 53, 56, 79, 86.

'Tis trouble along with yees coming!
I wish yees war further away,
With yeer ellephants, painters and munkeys,
Than Africa over the say.

Yees have boorded and plastered the corners
With pictures as big as a house,
Where the great roaring hip-hop on-thomas
Takes his say with a little white mouse.

Arrah! now comes yer lumbering cages,
With dirty wild bastes in their dens,
May they hunger and ate up their kaper!
Faix, the wish is the smallest of sins!

See the fool up on top cutting capers,
Haels up the air and hid down!
Though the wisest among yees, I'm thinking,
To-day is that rattle-brain clown!

Bad ciss to yeer bugles and bangles,
Yeer howling hyanees and all!
For the devil's got into the childer—
They're sorra good to me at all!
—*Cinderella McCarthy, of Paris.*

"Is the cemetery far from here?" asked the stranger.

"Not very; half a mile or so."

"Can I see it?"

"Yes, if you wish, but what do you want to see it for?"

"Well, I'm feelin' purty sentimental this afternoon; I'm going to be married to-morrow."
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

DURING a trial for assault in Arkansas, a club, a rock, a rail, an axe-handle, a knife and a shot-gun were exhibited as "the instrument with which the deed was done." It was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand-saw, a flail, and a cross dog. The jury decided that they'd have given \$5 apiece to have seen the fight.—*Boston Post.*

THE English National Health Society have made arrangements for a series of lectures to be delivered to working plumbers in London. If accounts of their charges in New York be true, the plumbers of this country need lecturing.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

FENDERSON was at the theatre the other night. "It was a burlesque, a take-off, wasn't it?" asked Smith. "Yes," said Fenderson, "that's what it was, I guess. They had taken off about everything they dared to."—*Boston Transcript.*

CONKLING wears the curl on his forehead to hide the scar where a horse kicked him; now he'll have to arrange some other contrivance to hide the place where Garfield performed a similar experiment.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

THE present condition of the iron trade is such as to give serious apprehension to the manufacturer, although the feeling has not yet reached that stage which may be characterized as universally magnanimous.—*Indicator.*

"TOTAL abstinence is so excellent a thing that it cannot be carried to too great an extent. In my passion for it I even carry it so far as to totally abstain from total abstinence itself."—*Mark Twain.*

PLEASE hand the belt to the Cincinnati Gazette, which has had telegraphed to it an account of a street dog-fight from Norwich, Conn.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

A CINCINNATI woman knocked her husband senseless with a copy of the Bible. The old version is good and strong yet.—*New Haven Register.*

THE fox whose tail was caught in the trap was one of the first individuals who "severed his connection."—*Boston Commercial Advertiser.*

MAUD S. is assessed for \$50,000 at Chicago. Another prominent female taxed without representation.—*Lowell American Citizen.*

There is no one article known that will do so many kinds of work in and about the house and do it so well as



(Each cake is wrapped in Tin Foil, and surrounded with Ultramarine Blue Band, and bears the above device.) Always note this. A Cake of Sapolio, a Bowl of Water and a Brush, Cloth or Sponge, will make

HOUSE CLEANING an easy and quick job—
WILL CLEAN PAINT and all painted surfaces—
WILL CLEAN MARBLE, Mantles, Tables and Statuary—
WILL CLEAN OIL CLOTHS, Floors, Shelves, &c.—
WILL CLEAN BATH TUBS, Wash Basins, &c.—
WILL CLEAN CROCKERY, Glassware, &c.—
WILL CLEAN KITCHEN UTENSILS, of all kinds—
WILL CLEAN WINDOWS without splashing of water—
WILL POLISH TIN, Brass and Copperwares—
WILL POLISH KNIVES, as you wash them—
WILL POLISH all Metal Surfaces and
WILL CLEAN all Household Articles—AND IS
BETTER AND CHEAPER than Soap,
Emery, Rotten Stone, Etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

NICOLL The Tailor,

620 Broadway, near Houston Street,

AND
189 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Pants to order.....\$4. to \$10.

Suits to order.....\$15. to \$40.

Spring Over Coats from \$15.00 up.

Samples with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent free to every part of the United States.

When using Postage Stamps as part of payment, Subscribers will please send **One-cent or Two-cent Stamps only.**

G. H. MUMM & CO'S
CHAMPAGNE

IMPORTATION IN 1880,

69,308 Cases

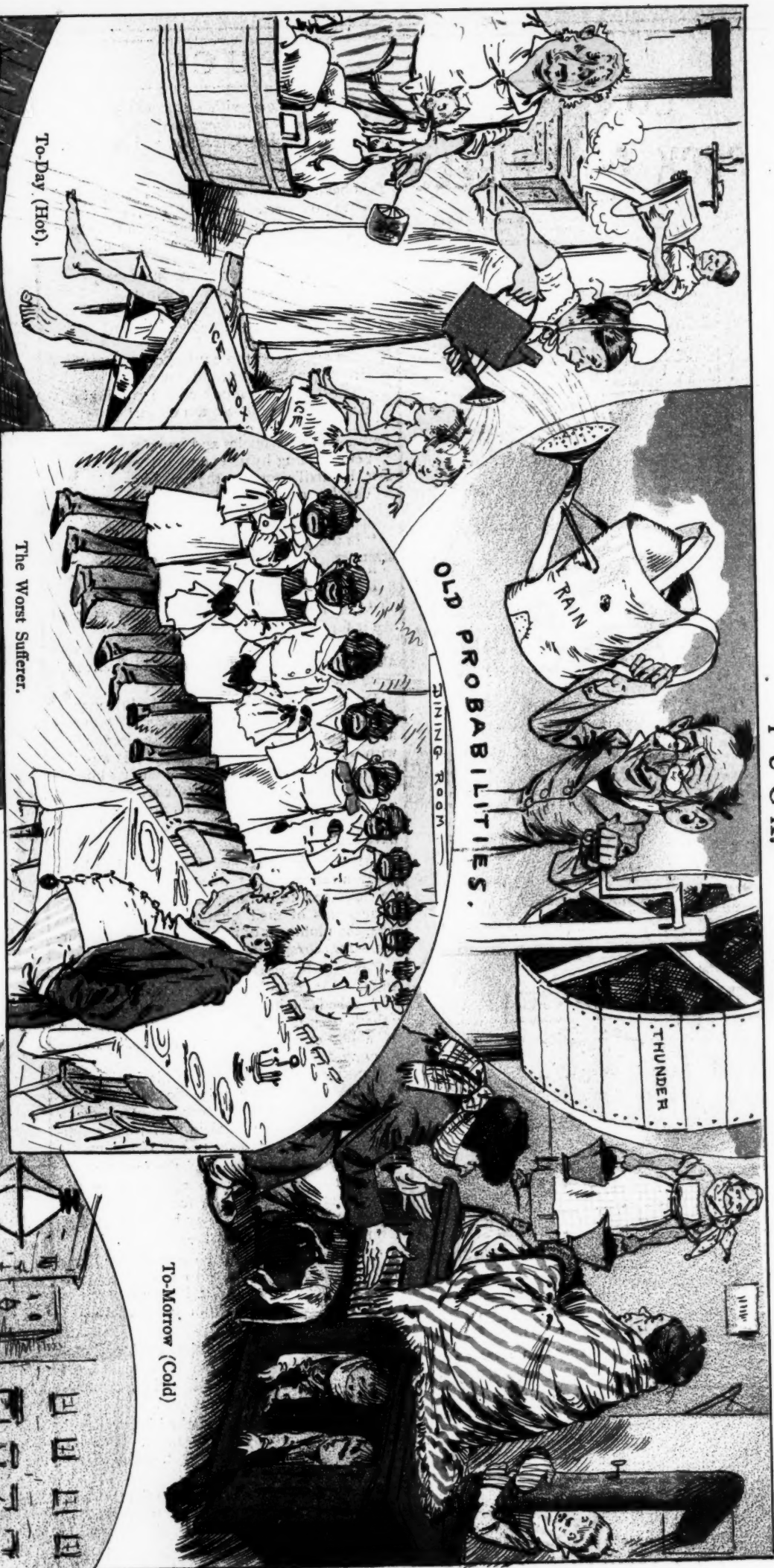


Being 34,387 Cases more than of any other brand, and the largest importation ever reached by any house in the United States.

CAUTION.—Beware of impositions or mistakes; when ordering G. H. MUMM & CO'S Champagne, see that the labels and corks bear their name and initials.

FREDK. DE BARY & Co., New York,
Sole Agents for the U. S. and Canada.

PUCK.



WEATHER VAGARIES—FICKLE JUNE.

What May Be Expected Any Day.

Robert